

Isaac Brown



DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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NOTICE.

Subscribers to this paper will find the date their subscription terminates printed after the name. Those expiring at the end of the present month will please have the remittances mailed in time.

A DAY AT OKA.

It does not seem like two months since I began writing about my day spent at Oka; but that time has elapsed and I find that I have hardly begun to tell what I saw and heard then, and have not used half the pictures taken by the artist on that occasion. The first article was principally about the general appearance of Oka, the second about some of the white people in it, or who are remembered in connection with it, and the third about some of the Indians there. Now, as I must bring these remembrances to an end, I will write a few words about some of the buildings there.

There are, or rather were two churches in Oka. But the little Protestant church which was always well filled was torn down by the enemies of the Indians, and afterwards the grand Roman Catholic church was burnt down—by whom has never been satisfactorily determined. The latter was one of the most valuable relics of the early days of the country, and its destruction has been generally considered a loss. It has been partially rebuilt, but the Protestant Indians worship in their school-house, which is not large enough to hold half of the congregation.

The artist has given a sketch of the inside of this school-house, with the Rev. Mr. Parent preaching. In this sketch he has introduced a picture of himself—the young man with the moustache immediately above the word "the."

The character of the village is that of many others with better advantages. Any one walking through its streets may see here and there a parcel of boys playing lacrosse or some other game; the pigs and chickens quite at home in the streets; there are ruined houses, and the children gathered around the cart wheel leaning against the house all show how much this village has in common with others.

In the morning the cart wheel forms the background of an interesting scene—that of the Indian girl milking her cow. In the evening every doorstep is crowded with Indian men, women and children, the young folk being predominant. Groups of them are engaged in singing familiar hymns, their sweet mournful voices and the peculiar sounds of their Indian language making them most affecting—as weird as if they were shriek-

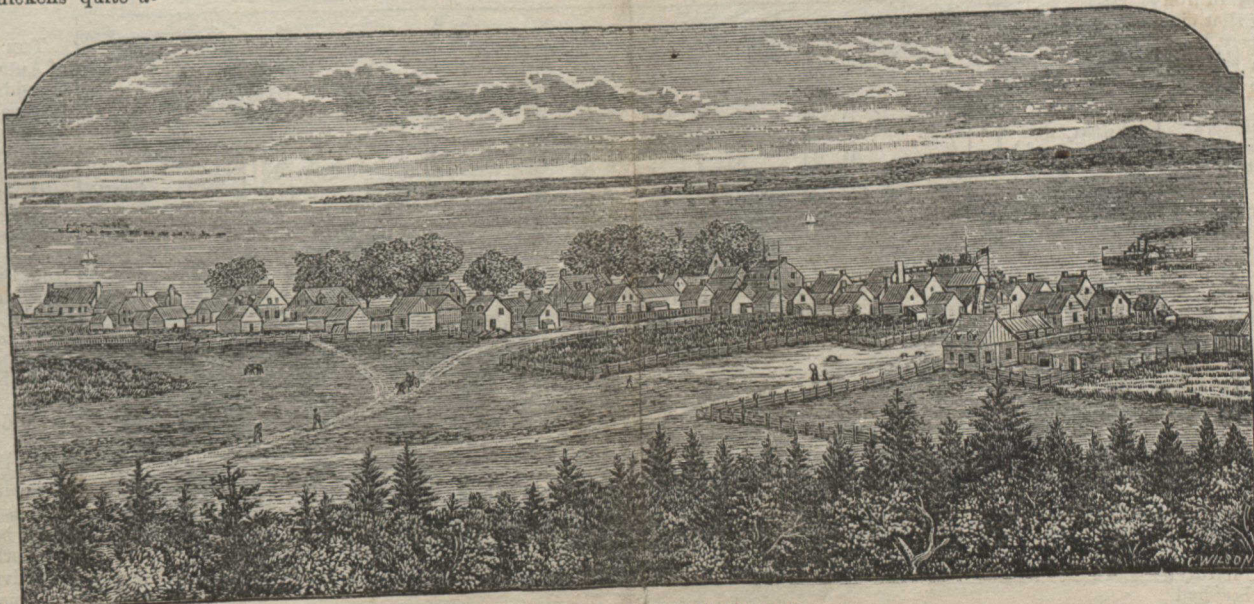


THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OKA BEFORE THE FIRE.

ings from a solitary mountain. Beside them may be seen a group of women, whose language of long words seems inadequate to express their meaning as quickly as they desire; for their tongues rattle and chatter and clatter like nothing else in nature. All stop as the visitor passes, and if he is known his "Sego Es-kain-a-go-a" (Good morning—I hope you are well) will be returned in such a manner that he will have no doubt of the friendly feeling of those he addresses.

Before leaving the village I will take you to the sand-banks in rear to view it from there. The road is a dusty one, your foot sinking deep into the hot sand, and the sun glistens on it as on the frozen snow. But when

once the top of the elevation is reached the view repays the trouble taken in reaching it many times over. The little village reposes immediately in front, with a thin line of foliage separating it from the majestic river, which continually rolls on its course to join the St. Lawrence, while on the opposite side the level country is spread out with only here and there an elevation to break the view. But now a new object is added to the scene. The steamer is seen crossing over from Como on the opposite side, and I require to run very quickly—in reality while the reader's imagination flies with the speed of lightning—to catch it before it leaves the wharf. It is at the wharf long before I am;



VIEW OF OKA FROM THE SAND BANK.

but, fortunately, there is a good deal of freight to be put on it to-night, and it delays longer than usual. I just manage to get on board, however, as the steamer has started, hardly in time to bid adieu to those gathered on the wharf to see the artist off. And now as the little village is receding, as the steamer is propelled by the beating paddles and the current as well, we bid it adieu with the hope that the good work going on in its midst may gain and increase, and that its fruit may be seen in eternity.

MARRIED WITHOUT SHOES.

About twenty years ago a young fellow named Johnson, in the wilds of the Cheat Mountains, in West Virginia, made up his mind to be married.

"But you have not a penny," remonstrated his friends.

"I have two hands. And man was given two hands, one to scratch for himself, and the other for his wife," he said.

On the day of the wedding Johnson appeared in a whole coat and trousers, but bare-footed.

"This is hardly decent," said the clergyman. "I will lend you a pair of shoes."

"No," said Johnson. "When I can buy shoes I will wear them—not before."

And he stood up to be married without any thought of his feet.

The same sturdy directness showed itself in his future course. What he had not money to pay for he did without. He hired himself to a farmer for a year's work. With the money he saved he bought a couple of acres of timberland and a pair of sheep, built himself a hut, and went to work on his ground.

His sheep increased; as time flew by he bought more; then he sold off the cheaper kinds and invested in South-down and French Merino. His neighbors tried by turns raising cattle, horses, or gave their attention to experimental farming.

Johnson having once found out that sheep-raising in his district brought a handsome profit, stuck to it. He had that shrewdness in seeing the best way, and that dogged persistence in following it, which are the elements of success.

Stock buyers from the Eastern market found that Johnson's fleeces were the finest and his mutton the sweetest on the Cheat. He never allowed their reputation to fail—the end of which course is that the man who married bare-footed is now worth a large property.

The story is an absolutely true one, and may point a moral for hordes of stout, able-bodied men.—Interior



Temperance Department.

MY NEIGHBOR JOHN.

BY P. H. SEAGER.

As I was driving home from the village one cold evening last winter, I found my neighbor John in trouble just at the bridge. He had evidently got whiskey enough to make him foolish, and so had driven against the corner of the bridge and broken his sled.

John was too far gone to realize what was the matter, but another neighbor, who had reached him before me, was trying to help him and get him home. After some time spent in the biting wind, he got the drunken man into his sleigh, and leaving the broken sled, started for home.

I did not have a very serious experience this time, not nearly so much so as I have had at other times, yet the incident set me to thinking.

Neighbor John sometimes professes great penitence for his fault, especially when he is in danger of suffering any penalty for it; but if you listen to him for a while, you will find that he claims, after all, to be about as good as anybody. His theory is that every man has his little failing, and this chances to be his.

I notice that some of our modern temperance speakers seem to be very much of the same opinion, and have little sympathy with the declaration which classes drunkards with those who shall not inherit the kingdom of God. Indeed, according to them, nobody seems to be particularly to blame, unless it is steady temperance men and church members, who do not exactly fall in with all their methods.

But in the meantime John's ways are a special annoyance to many innocent people. He has more than once found his way into dwellings in the night, to the great disturbance of the occupants. He has gone to school-houses, and insisted upon pouring out a flood of his talk to the annoyance of every one, and the serious alarm of the timid. He has made night hideous in some of the little towns he frequents, so that on some nights there has been but little sleep to be had. In the city such things would not be allowed, but we country folks are not always on hand with an officer, and he does a great deal of this business with impunity.

One of the villages did, indeed provide a calaboose, and after an experience or two of its accommodations, it was somewhat remarkable that John, even at the stage when we are expected to believe him no longer accountable, was able to restrain his exuberance while in town, and reserve his howlings for the benefit of the country people along the road.

Once, too, John went so far beyond bounds that the good-natured court exceeded the usual three-dollar fine, and he went to jail to stay till the fine should be paid. Then his wife gathered up her poultry and carried it to market to raise the means of releasing the recalcitrant lord.

But this again suggests a question or two. If this is punishing drunkenness, riot and assault where does the punishment fall? On the guilty party, or his innocent family? Is not some other penalty than a fine needed in such cases?

Again, the law of our State prohibits the sale of intoxicating drinks to habitual drunkards. That John is one of that class is a notorious fact. If any one living within ten miles of him would like to be ignorant of that circumstance, he would scarcely have the privilege. No man can sell him liquor without being aware that he is violating the law.

How is that for our honorable gentlemen engaged in a legitimate business, under the protection of a license from the State?

Moral suasion has been tried upon John, but thus far with no encouraging success. Now admitting that it is nobody's business what he does to himself and his family, on the ground that a man may do what he will with his own, I wonder if everybody else is bound to submit to all manner of annoyances that John may indulge his vile appetite, and the whiskey-seller may add a little to his profits?

Besides, if he should some night kick his wife to death in the presence of their children, as two men did in New York in one night recently, I suppose the most extreme stricker for drunkard's rights would hardly claim that the officers of the law had no call to interfere in that case.



EARLY MORNING AT OKA.

But perhaps we must all wait for that before any one has a right to invoke the protection of the law for the abating of this nuisance. To some it might seem that the occasion for interference has already arisen, and that the responsibility for the evil is so large that the dram-seller may be called upon to bear his share, without at all relieving the drunkard of the part that belongs to himself.—N. Y. Observer.

"ANNIE! ANNIE!"

BY JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

Two or three years ago, in the month of September, having left the tea-table, I went out upon the veranda. Presently a member of the genus tramp entered the carriage-gate and came up the drive to the house. He was more tidy and decent in appearance than most tramps, and having reached the steps, asked civilly for something to eat. As I procured, with apparent readiness, a plate of griddle-cakes hot from the kitchen, he handed me a tin-cup, saying: "Would you give me some hot tea for my wife? She's sick; Annie isn't used to this kind of life; she's a lady, Annie is; she isn't common folks. She came from Baltimore, and she isn't used to anything but the best." Asking him if "Annie" took milk and sugar in her tea, I went in and filled the pint-cup, and when he withdrew I perceived that he and the "lady" were camped under the hedge, just outside the large gate. Half an hour later my husband, on his way to an evening meeting, found these tramps still on the road-side. The dews and shadows of the night were upon them, and they were looking at the couple had an unusual amount of baggage with them—a valise, two army blankets, and a large shawl. The woman, purple in the face was bowed over in hopeless intoxication. The man was pulling her by the arm, exhorting her, "Annie! Annie! get up! It's late." Seeing my husband, he said: "Poor Annie she's sick; I don't know what's the matter with her. We have travelled too far; she is overcome."

"She is overcome with liquor," was the reply; "she's drunk."

"Not a mite," replied the champion stoutly; "she's a lady."

"She's drunk, my man, and you may cause her death by trying to drag her about in this state. Settle her comfortably, and cover her up well; she'll sleep it off."

"Don't be slanderin' Annie, sir; she's a lady. To think of the likes of her lyin' out all night; Annie! Annie! get up." A little further expostulation effected nothing, and they were left to themselves. Sitting in the library with one window partly open, came constantly to my ear, at about ten-minute intervals, a monotone, "Annie! Annie! get up." And then, when patience seemed gone, the man's voice rose in a shriek, "Annie!!!" and died

away presently to rebegin mildly, "Annie! Annie!"

Returning an hour later, my husband found the tramps as before, and again remonstrated: "Come, my man, this poor woman is drunk; let me help you to put her in a comfortable position, or she may die, as the night gets cold."

"Well, your honor, I'll not dispute you any longer. Annie is drunk; it's her failin'; it's what brought her here. Now, I do take a little now and then, but it never makes me drunk; but you see poor Annie gets overcome entirely."

One of the blankets was then spread on the ground, close under the hedge, with the valise on it for a pillow. "Annie" was then stretched on this improvised bed, and covered with the other blanket and the shawl. Her heavy breathing and the strong smell of the whiskey seemed to strike the man, for he said; "It's plain enough she's drunk, sir, an't it! Annie! Annie! wake up, Annie!"

"Let her alone; get under the blanket yourself, and see that she does not get uncovered. By morning you can take her to an eating-house for some hot coffee."

"Well, but Annie is a lady; you can see that for yourself, can't you sir?"

"How, then, did she come to be in this condition?"

"It was the drop of liquor did it, sir. Annie was in Baltimore, just a beautiful young lady, with silk gowns, and with rings, and a nice house; oh! people didn't look down on her then. But she took to drink, sir, and it went from bad to worse, till she ran off from her friends and nobody cared for her, and then she came up with a common fellow like me. I an't no gentleman, but Annie is a lady; and once she wouldn't a looked at me. Yes, sir, there she is. It's hard, an't it, trampin' and sleepin' under hedges, and called drunk. I always denies it as long as I can, sir, seein' she's a lady."

And what was the appearance of this unfortunate woman? It bore out the testimony of her tramping husband. Her hands were small and beautifully made, covered with worn gloves; the feet that had tramped so many dusty miles were small and slender. As Milton's Satan "looked not less than archangel fallen," so Annie in her lost estate bore the traces of former grace, beauty, and refinement. Here was some gay Baltimore belle betrayed by the wine-cup, which in her folly she may have offered for the ruin of others. Little had she thought when her health was drunk, when she lifted with jewelled hand the wine gleaming brightly in the crystal, that by this sparkling cup she should be hurled down such an abyss of woe that her home and friends should forget her; that low taverns should be her resort while she paused, weary of toiling over dusty roads after a tramp laden with his bags and blankets, and that at night she should lie

senseless under a hedge, covered by the hand of charity, while all through the dreary, hours should be sung to her that monotonous cry, rising at intervals to a scream of irritation and apprehension, "Annie! Annie! get up. Annie! Annie! get up. Annie!!!"—National Temperance Advocate.

TEMPERANCE THERAPEUTICS.

The London Times prints the following important letter from the Honorary Secretary of the London Temperance Hospital, the Rev. Dawson Burns, to which we invite the special attention of physicians and others interested in the Medical aspect of the temperance question on this side of the Atlantic:

"As you have recently dwelt upon the importance of 'facts' in estimating the use of alcohol in medicine and diet, I beg to lay before your readers the following facts in relation to the in-patients' department of the London Temperance Hospital:

The number of beds is 17, and the number of patients during the five years and a half ended April 30, 1879, was 725. Of these patients the cases cured were 355, and relieved 253; the deaths were 34, or less than 5 per cent. of the whole number. The cases have been fully up to the average in general hospitals, and many of them have been peculiarly severe. They include surgical operations, one of which was a case of Cæsarean section, in which the lives of both mother and child were saved.

"The medical staff have authority under the rules to administer alcohol if they think it needful. They have used this power once only (during the eight months), and their experience has convinced them that in those diseases where alcohol has been considered either necessary or helpful it can be dispensed with safely, and even beneficially. No alcoholic tinctures are used.

"I would also remark that besides the Temperance Hospital there are at least three others these (the Lock Hospital Home of the Rescue Society) it is said:

"The use of alcoholic stimulants is altogether disallowed; and so far from finding their use at all necessary or desirable, we are convinced, as the result of a quarter of a century's close observation in the Rescue Society's Homes, that the young women are most unquestionably better without them."

"The greatest service rendered by Lord Bacon to experimental science was the emphasis he laid upon the verification of causes; and as this verification, by comparison, is impossible where medical men are constantly giving alcohol in a mixed state and in conjunction with other medicinal agents the London Temperance Hospital, by excluding the supposed curative agents, is enabling the medical profession to perceive that the value hitherto attached to it is due to superstitious credulity and not to scientific research.

"When the new Temperance Hospital is open the facts bearing upon this most important question will rapidly accumulate, and it will become impossible for the scientific mind to continue the old practice; nor will the benevolent public permit their subscriptions to be expended on articles which are not of real value, but the use of which is attended with great moral peril; so that the sums spent in their purchase are worse than wasted, because conducive to the future injury of the patients and a continuance of the national intemperance. I am, sir, respectfully yours,

"DAWSON BURNS, Hon. Sec. "London Temperance Hospital, 212 Gower Street, W. C., June 9." —Temperance Advocate.



MR. PARENT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

THE REV. WM. SEARLES, chaplain of Auburn State Prison, who delivered an address at the Temperance Conference recently held at Thousand Islands, gave the following statistics with reference to criminals: "There are in the United States 44 prisons with an average of 1,000 prisoners, making 44,000 criminals, with an average of ten relatives afflicted by each; making 440,000 who suffer from this source. This long line of sorrow could be traced to one of three causes, viz.: idleness, licentiousness, and intemperance." Many and touching were the illustrations given to show the part that intemperance has played in spreading this blight and moral death over the land.

REV. DR. GUTHRIE SAYS: "Whiskey is good in its own place. There is nothing in the world like whiskey for preserving a man when he is dead. But it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living. If you want to keep a dead man put him into whiskey; if you want to kill a living man, put whiskey into him."



INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE UPON HEALTH.

The following interesting extracts are from an article by Dr. M. Beard in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* on "The Physical Future of the American People":

A fact of special note is that the exceeding cold of our winters compels us to pass a large part of our time not only in-doors, but in rooms overheated with dry air; thus one of the bad features of our climate plays into the hands of the other, reinforcing, extending, multiplying its capacity for evil. The high temperature and unnatural dryness of our closed rooms are both harmful, and are both made necessary by excessive external cold, and by the alternations of heat and cold that produce a sensitiveness of organization which can only find comfort in a somewhat high temperature.

Dryness of the air, whether external or internal, likewise excites nervousness by heightening the rapidity of the processes of waste and repair in the organism, so that we live faster than in a moist atmosphere. The rationale of this action of dryness on living beings—for it is observed in animals as in men—is as follows: Evaporation from the surface of the body is accompanied by dissipation of heat, and by the numerous and complex vital changes of which the evolution and dissipation of heat through evaporation are the results. In a moist atmosphere such evaporation takes place slowly, because the air, being already saturated with water, cannot rapidly take up the vapor that comes from the surface of the body; hence this vapor accumulates in the form of sensible perspiration. A dry atmosphere, on the contrary, is eager and hungry for the bodily moisture and rapidly absorbs it, so that it does not accumulate on the surface, but passes off as insensible perspiration. Hence the paradox that we perspire the least when we are apparently perspiring the most; on sultry August days our clothing is soaked, because the moisture of the body has no chance for ready escape, and consequently the vital changes that produce the moisture are obstructed and move with corresponding slowness. A day that is both moist and warm is hotter to the nerves of sensation and far more oppressive than a far warmer day that is also dry, for the conversion of the fluids of the body into insensible vapor, which process takes place so rapidly in dry air, is attended with escape of bodily heat, which gives relief.

Dryness of the air is the main cause of the long-observed leanness of the Americans as compared with the Europeans. We are taller, thinner, lankier, than the original stock in England and Germany, mainly because in our dry atmosphere we so rapidly evaporate; the animal fluids disappear into the aerial fluids; we have little chance to accumulate fat. Remembering that the body is composed mostly of water, it is clear that rapid evaporation must be attended by a rapid loss of bodily weight. A thousand Americans, taken at random, weigh less on the average than a thousand Englishmen or Germans of the same ages and social status; even the dark aborigines, in spite of their indolence, were almost always lean.

Our habits and institutions, so far as they are distinctively American,—rapid eating, eager quest for gold, exciting revivals and elections,—are the product of a dry atmosphere and extremes of temperature combined with the needs of a new country and a pioneer life. We are nervous, primarily, because the rapid evaporation in our dry, out-door air and in our overheated rooms, for reasons above given, heightens the rapidity of the processes of waste and repair in the brain and nervous system, and the exhausting stimulation of alternations of torrid heat and polar cold; and, secondarily, because this nervousness is enhanced by the stress of poverty, the urgency of finding and holding means of living the scarcity of inherited wealth, and the just desire of making and maintaining fortunes. We cannot afford to be calm; for those to whom the last question is whether they shall exist or die there is no time or force for acquiring plumpness of the body. Not how shall we live? but can we live at all? is the problem that almost every American is all his life compelled to face.

Susceptibility to alcohol and tobacco is one of the most striking characteristics of the many evidences of American nervousness. We cannot bear these stimulants and narcotics as our fathers could; we cannot bear them as can the English, or Germans, or French; indeed, all the Old World can both drink and smoke more than the Americans. Even coffee can be indulged in with freedom only by a minority of the population in the Northern States, and a cup of weak tea is for many a sure prescrip-

tion for a wakeful night. Foreigners travelling and sojourning here must be far more cautious than is their wont with the purest and mild liquors; while Americans, when long abroad, can often partake of the native wines, and a of stronger liquors, to a degree that at home would induce intoxication, perhaps lead directly to the symptoms of alcoholism. In truth this functional malady of the nervous system which we call inebriety, as distinguished from the vice or habit of drunkenness, may be said to have been born in America, has here developed sooner and far more rapidly than elsewhere, and here also has received earlier and more successful attention from men of science. The increase of the disorder has forced us to study it and to devise plans for its relief.

All of the above reasons apply to the Northern and Eastern portions of the United States, far more than to the Southern States or to Canada. In the South, particularly in the Gulf States, there are not the extremes of heat and cold, nor the peculiar dryness of the air, that have been described. The Southern winters are mild, with little or no snow and abundance of rain and dampness, while the summers are never as intensely hot as in the latitude of Boston and New York. Throughout the year the Southern climate is both more equable and more moist than that of the North. Herein is explained the most interesting and suggestive fact, that functional nervous diseases of all kinds regularly diminish in frequency and variety as we go South. Canada has extremes of temperature, but more of steady cold than the States, while the air is kept moist by numerous rivers, lakes, and the wide extent of forest; it does not therefore share, to any marked degree, in the nervousness of the Northern United States.

THE MEDICINAL VALUE OF FLAX-SEED.

At the recent meeting of the American Dermatological Association, Dr. Sherwell read a paper on "The Use of Linseed and Its Oil as Therapeutic Agents in Diseases of the Skin." Every dermatologist, he said, had seen the necessity of introducing fats into the system, and hitherto almost the only available hydrocarbon had been cod-liver oil. This disagreed with many patients, and was also open to a number of other objections; while, in the more palatable form of the commercial emulsions now frequently employed, he did not consider it trustworthy. A more assimilable fat was therefore desirable, and he thought he had discovered it in the flaxseed. Linseed tea is a well-known tonic, especially in the South. He had been induced to try its use by observing the beneficial effects of linseed cake upon cattle and horses, both in making their coats sleek and improving their general condition; and his experience had shown that the agent was of equal service to the human economy. He was in the habit of employing it in a threefold administration. 1. If the patient were a male and had sound teeth, the seed itself was the best form in which to take it. The man could carry about ten ounces of this in his pockets, and would probably consume a teacupful in the course of a day. The ordinary domestic linseed was small and dark in color, and contained only about twenty per cent. of oil; while that from Bombay or Calcutta (which was the kind recommended) was larger, lighter in color, and contained about thirty per cent. of oil. 2. In the case of women or children the ground seed, mixed with milk in the form of a porridge, was more desirable, and was unpalatable to very few persons. 3. In certain cases it could be given in the form of bread, although he did not consider this method quite so efficient as the others. The bread could be made by mixing linseed meal with flour in any proportion desired. This was suggested by Dr. Piffard.

When linseed was eaten, a natural emulsification was performed with the recent oil found in the stomach, and it had been established by chemists that a recent oil was much more active than one which had been long exposed to oxidation. The hulls also served to stimulate the peristaltic action of the intestines. He believed that it had specific virtues in dry and scaly diseases of the skin both on account of its special action upon the sebaceous secretion and its effect in improving the general condition of the patient. Dr. Sherwell gave four cases of skin disease of great obstinacy and severity, in which its curative influence was most happily shown. The seed was given internally in one of the forms above mentioned, and the oil applied externally. The lubricating effect of the latter was most admirable and it had the advantage over most other oils of not becoming rancid when exposed to degraded epithelium. In eczema he was in the habit of wrapping the parts affected in a number of folds of linen saturated with it. He believed that flaxseed is a specific remedy for the sebaceous glands, increasing their secretion when it was diminished, and restoring it to its natural character when it had been altered by disease. Dr. Van Harlingen, stated that he had used linseed in one case in the form of oil internally; but however stated he

thought there was no beneficial result from it. This, he said, might possibly have been due to the fact that he used the ordinary domestic oil, and not that made from Bombay linseed. Dr. Piffard said he had used the linseed oil internally, and he thought it was better than cod-liver oil in many respects. Cod-liver oil itself was fattening, while the iodine which it contained was just the reverse of this; and he thought this might explain why it was that it was impossible to fatten some persons on a cod-liver oil. The linseed, he believed, contained no starch, and it was, therefore, especially useful in diabetic patients with skin trouble, as well as affording an agreeable range of diet to them. The taste of this seed was not agreeable, to many individuals at first; but it was at all events much more agreeable than cod-liver oil. Dr. White remarked that the so-called leads for diabetics invariably contained a certain amount of starch, and, therefore, if linseed was really free from starch, it was an important point to remember.

IN THE BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY of Paris, Dr. Blainy has recently communicated a series of investigations he has made concerning the curious partiality all civilized nations show for the "right side." We read and write to the right, we turn to the right when passing somebody in driving or riding on horseback; we like to have the wall to the right, when walking or running in an enclosed room; we deviate to the right from the straight line when walking blindfolded, etc. This partiality, however, the Doctor does not consider a mere incidental agreement, but as a natural instinct. It begins to show itself when the child has reached the third year of age, and it does not leave man until he becomes debilitated by old age or insane. With insane people the instinct is reversed; they keep to the left, and in lunatic asylums it is generally considered a good symptom, an indication of a return to the normal state, when the partiality for the right side reappears with a patient. Some of the applications which M. Delaunay makes of this instinct are rather fanciful, but others are very interesting. Thus, we do not doubt that he is to some extent right when he asserts that it has played a certain role in the migrations of mankind. Placing one's self with the face to the south, to the sun, whence the light comes, west is to the right, and to the west all migrations have gone, certainly from other reasons too, but instinct.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE INFLUENCE OF BRAIN WORK ON THE GROWTH OF THE SKULL AND BRAIN.—Messrs. Lacassagne and Cliquet communicated in an interesting paper on the subject to the *Société de Méd. Publique et d'Hygiène Professionnelle*. Having the patients, doctors, attendants, and officers of the Val de Grace at their disposal, they measured the heads of 190 doctors of medicine, 133 soldiers who had received an elementary instruction, 90 soldiers who could neither read nor write, and 91 soldiers who were prisoners. The instrument used was the same which hatters employ in measuring the heads of their customers; it is called the conformator, and gives a very correct idea of the proportions and dimensions of the heads in question. The results were in favor of the doctors; their frontal diameter was also much more considerable than that of the soldiers, &c. Nor are both halves of the head symmetrically developed: in students, the left frontal region is more developed than the right; in illiterate individuals, the right occipital region is larger than the left. The authors have derived the following conclusions from their experiments. 1. The heads of students who have worked much with their brains are much more developed than those of illiterate individuals, or such as have allowed their brains to remain inactive. 2. In students, the frontal region is more developed than the occipital region, or, if there should be any difference in favor of the latter, it is very small; while, in illiterate people, the latter region is the largest.—*London Medical Record.*

SLEEP IS THE BEST STIMULANT.—The best possible thing to do when you feel too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed, and sleep for a week if you can. This is the only recuperation of brain-power, the only actual recuperation of brain-force, because during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which take the place of those which have been consumed in previous labor, since the very act of thinking consumes or burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood, which were obtained from the food eaten previously; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during a state of rest, of quiet, and stillness of sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in

themselves. They goad the brain and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are sometimes so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over.

DOMESTIC.

FRUIT UPON THE TABLE.—Good fruit upon the table is an excellent appetizer, says Coleman's *Rural*. It adds largely to the pleasure of eating. It promotes good health, kind feelings, and makes one more social and talkative at meal time. We should be glad to see the time arrive when ripe fruit would come as regularly upon the table as bread and butter. It would make people healthier, happier and better. Really, farmers have no excuse for not raising most kinds of fruit. They have the land on which to plant them. They can find a little time to plant and care for them, and they will be better paid than if the time had been devoted to almost anything else.

BAKED CHICKEN PIE.—Line a deep dish with a moderately thick paste. Having cut up your chickens, and seasoned them to your taste with salt, pepper and (if you like it) mace and a little grated nutmeg, put some pieces of cold ham between the chicken, and if you have some oysters you will find them a great addition to your pie; also a few yolks of hard boiled eggs. Fill the dish two-thirds full of cold water and pieces of butter rolled in flour. Put the top crust on, cutting a hole in the centre of it. Cut out of the paste some handsomely shaped leaves, which lay around the edge of your pie. You may also form a rose to lay in the centre.

FIRM BUTTER WITHOUT ICE.—In families where the dairy is small, a good plan to have the butter cool and firm without ice is by the process of evaporation, as practiced in India and other warm countries. A cheap plan is to get a very large sized, porous, earthen flower pot, with extra large saucer. Half fill the saucer with water, set it in a trivet or light stand—such as is used for holding hot irons will do; upon this set your butter; cover the hole in the bottom of the flower pot with a cork; then dash water over the flower pot, and repeat the process several times a day, or whenever it looks dry. If set in a cool place, or where the wind can blow on it, it will readily evaporate the water from the pot, and the butter will be as firm and cool as if from an ice house.

A COMBINATION DINNER.—If possible buy a round of solid beef, the larger the better, as the meat will always be useful afterwards; say ten pounds. If an inferior piece of meat must be put up with, tie it securely with twine, as nearly as possible in the shape of a round, and trim it neatly. Put it in the stock-pot, with cold water in the proportion of a gallon to every three pounds of beef. Let it come to a gentle boil, skim it well and add a little water from time to time to bring up the scum. When thoroughly skimmed add two or three onions with a clove stuck in each, four carrots, four turnips, a parsnip, and two or three heads of celery. Let all boil gently for about three hours. Then take the meat out and put in a moderately hot oven to brown. Let the broth boil a little longer, skim carefully and strain through a cloth, and when the meat is nicely brown both are ready to be served. The soup is improved by slices of bread slightly toasted, being served in it; and if cabbage is liked, a large cabbage may have been boiled in the soup, and served afterwards with the carrots and turnips neatly ranged around the beef. The cabbage should be boiled in salt water for five minutes before being put in the broth, in order to remove the strong odor. The beef may be served without being put in the oven at all, but it is greatly improved in appearance by being nicely browned. There is one other kind of soup which I shall describe, as being very analogous in nature to the *pot-au-feu*, and as offering the same convenience of supplying two dishes in one. It is the Scotch broth, and has the same use in Scotland, and may have in this country as the *pot-au-feu* has in France. Many people like boiled mutton who do not like boiled beef. And the manner of preparing Scotch broth substitutes the mutton for the beef. The mode of procedure is nearly the same as in the *pot-au-feu*, but the soup or broth obtained is not as good. Put a piece of the neck or breast of mutton in the stock pot, add cold water in the proportion of a quart of water to a pound of mutton, and an ounce of barley for every quart of water. Let it boil slowly, skim carefully; then add carrots, turnips, onions and celery as before, and a bunch of herbs, and let it simmer for an hour only. Serve the soup and meat separately as before; or if desirable, the meat may have been cut into squares an inch thick and served in the broth.—*Christian Union.*

LITTLE FAITH.

BY MRS. WALTON, AUTHOR OF
"CHRISTIE'S OLD ORGAN."

(From Sunday at Home.)

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

Time passed on, and still no one came.

What could they be doing? Where could her father have taken them?

The church clock struck five; it was getting dark now. Faith could only dimly see the form of Mrs. Gubbins stretched in the corner of the attic. She did not know what to do. Mrs. Fraser would be expecting her at home, and would wonder that she had stayed so long, and yet she could not bear the thought of not seeing her father after all. Was there no one who could tell her anything about him? No, she could not think of any one. The people downstairs were new-comers, and probably did not know anything whatever of the inhabitants of the attic. There was no one but Mrs. Gubbins. Should she awake her and ask her, or should she go away without hearing of her father?

Faith decided to go away; but when she was half way down the stairs she changed her mind; it would be terrible to wait till tomorrow to know what was the matter with her father. All night long she would be wondering where he was, and she would lie awake thinking of him, she was sure of that. For a very dreadful thought had crossed her mind. Was her father dead, and had Mrs. Gubbins sent the children to the workhouse? The more Faith thought of this, the more she felt afraid that this was what was the matter. She could not go home without knowing the truth. So she went back again, and knocked once more, very loudly, at the attic door. She hoped that Mrs. Gubbins would awake, and come to the door, and then she could speak to her there without going inside.

But no sound was to be heard within, though Faith repeated her knock three or four times. So she opened the door, and went into the attic again. Mrs. Gubbins was lying just as Faith had seen her before; she did not seem to have moved at all.

"I shall have to speak to her," said the child to herself; "she seems so very sound asleep."

She crossed the rotten floor, trembling at the noise she made, and went up to where Mrs. Gubbins was lying.

Then Faith stood still for a minute, and prayed. She took it to the Lord in prayer. She asked her Friend to stand by her, and help her, and not to let Mrs. Gubbins hurt her.

As she prayed she happened to look up at the skylight window, and there, looking down into the dark, dismal attic, was a bright

and beautiful star. Little Faith looked at the star, and it seemed to be smiling at her, she thought. It seemed like the loving eye of the Lord Jesus watching her, and she thought she heard Him asking her that question again, "Little Faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

Oh, what strength it gave her! Faith felt that her prayer was heard. Jesus was by her side, and he would help her. She would be no longer afraid.

"Mrs. Gubbins!" said Faith in a whisper; "Mrs. Gubbins!"

But Mrs. Gubbins did not hear.

"Mrs. Gubbins! Mrs. Gubbins!" she repeated, much louder than before.

But no answer came.

"Mrs. Gubbins! Mrs. Gubbins!" She almost shouted the words this time, but still the old woman did not move. "How very sound asleep she must be," thought the child.

It was nearly dark now, so that Faith could only just see Mrs.

"What is it? what's the matter?" said a woman who was coming out of her room on the next landing, and heard Faith's quick footstep, and saw by the light of her candle how pale and frightened the child looked.

"Oh, please," said little Faith, "I wish you'd come upstairs; I believe she's dead!"

"Dead! Who's dead!" said the woman. "What is it, child? tell me who's dead?"

"Mrs. Gubbins," said Faith, "the old woman as lives upstairs; haven't you never seen her passing by?"

"What! that old woman as is always going out for drink? Ay, I've seen her," said the woman.

Two or three more women came out of their rooms at this moment, and they all agreed to go upstairs with Faith.

The woman with the candle went first, and flashed its light on the old woman's face.

"Yes, she's gone," she said solemnly; "she's gone, poor thing!"



"WHAT IS IT? WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Gubbins' face, but she fancied that her eyes were not quite closed. One hand was hanging out from under the blanket close to Faith, and the child took hold of it, thinking that she would be able in this way to arouse the old woman from her heavy sleep.

But she had no sooner taken Mrs. Gubbins' hand than she started back in terror. The hand was icy cold. Faith had never felt anything like it since Mother Mary died. She remembered how she had crept to Mother Mary's side the night after she died, not liking to go to sleep without giving her a kiss as usual, and then she remembered how startled she had been to find her so very, very cold, for she had never seen death before. And now Mrs. Gubbins' hand felt just like that, just as cold, just as motionless. Could Mrs. Gubbins be dead?

Faith ran to the door, and down the stairs as fast as she could.

Dear me, has she never anybody belonging to her?"

Faith told them in a few words who she was, and asked them if they could tell her anything of her father and the children. One woman told her that they had left the house together last Tuesday afternoon, and had never been seen since, but where they had gone, no one knew. Another woman said Mrs. Gubbins had been backwards and forwards several times the day before with a bottle in her hand, but none of them had seen her at all to-day.

Then they talked together about what was to be done. The news had, by this time, spread all over the house, and throughout Belfry Row, and quite a crowd of people filled the little attic—mothers with babies in their arms, troops of noisy, dirty children, and one or two idle and ragged men.

After much talking, and after many exclamations of horror, and after each person had separately

related when was the last time that he or she had seen Mrs. Gubbins, and when they had also all related, in turn, what had been the exact state of their feelings of horror and surprise when they had been summoned to the attic just now, and had been told that she was dead,—they came to the conclusion that Jem Payne, one of their number, should go at once to the parish officer, and report the case to him, and leave all further steps in the matter in his hands.

When all this was settled Faith turned to go; she was very glad to be able to leave the attic and to go homewards. She felt very awe-struck and solemn as she walked home, and she could hardly realize it yet. Mrs. Gubbins dead! alone in the attic dead! And her father gone, she knew not where! It all seemed too strange and too dreadful to be true.

Faith was very glad when she reached Mrs. Fraser's house and was able to tell all that had happened to the kind old lady.

"Oh, Faith," said Mrs. Fraser, when she had heard it all and they were talking it over together, "may God keep you, my dear child, from the love of drink. It is a terrible thing when a man drinks, but, oh, I think it is worse when a woman drinks."

"Mrs. Gubbins didn't always drink so bad," said Faith, "but she's got worse and worse lately."

"Yes," said Mrs. Fraser, "people always get worse and worse. Satan tempts them and then they yield, and then he tempts them again, and they yield again, and he gets a greater hold on them every time. Only God's grace, little Faith, can enable a drunkard to lose his love for drink; nothing else will do it. Pledges alone cannot do it, resolutions alone cannot do it, nothing but God's grace helping him can keep him from falling. Does your father drink, little Faith?"

"Oh, no," said Faith, "never—not a drop he doesn't. He always brought every penny he took home to Mother Mary, and then when she was dead to Mrs. Gubbins. Oh, poor father, I wonder where he is?"

"Do you remember that verse, Faith," said Mrs. Fraser: "'If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it?'"

The child thought she had heard it before, but she did not know it perfectly, so Mrs. Fraser found it for her in her Testament and let her learn it.

"Now, little Faith," she said, when the child had repeated the verse correctly, "God knows where your father is. He sees him at this moment, just as you see me. He sees what he is doing, and what the children are doing. He knows the name of the place they are in, and the name of the street, and the num-

ber of the house. He knows all about them, whether they are ill or well, or in want or comfort. Now, little Faith, you would like very much to know about all this too; wouldn't you?"

"Oh, yes," said little Faith, "that I should, ma'am!"



"Very well," said Mrs. Fraser, "then we will kneel down and ask God to tell you, and then, if it is good for you to know, I am quite sure, little Faith, that in some way or other He will help you. Little Faith, can you believe that?"

"Yes," said the child, "I think I can."

So Mrs. Fraser and Faith knelt down together. It was a very simple prayer, so simple that Faith could understand every word of it. Mrs. Fraser took all the trouble to the Lord in prayer, telling Him the sorrow of little Faith's heart, and how she longed to know where her father was, and asking Him, if he saw it would be good for her, to let her know.

"Now, Faith," said Mrs. Fraser, when they rose from their knees, "having done this, you must leave the matter with God, who knows best. Do not trouble about it any more, because if you do that, you will show plainly that you do not trust Him. Go about your work patiently, and whenever you are tempted to be sorrowful, you must think that you hear the Lord Jesus saying to you, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?' If you only trust Him, really trust Him, an answer will come. I am sure of that."

Little Faith wiped away her tears, and went downstairs with a bright and cheerful face. She had taken her trouble to the Lord in prayer, and she had left it with Him.

Now she had nothing to do but to wait patiently for the answer.

CHAPTER VII.—FOUND AT LAST.

It is never easy to be patient, and as days and weeks and even months went by and Faith heard nothing of her father, sometimes her faith failed her. She wondered if, after all, God would an-

swer her prayer. But Mrs. Fraser always cheered her, and encouraged her, and told her she must be willing to wait God's time.

The child was very happy in Mrs. Fraser's house, and day by day she was becoming more useful as a servant. Ellen had great pleasure in teaching her how to do all kinds of house-work, and in training her in habits of neatness and order.

The six months during which Mrs. Fraser had promised to keep her, were almost ended, but the old lady did not seem at all inclined to look out for a situation for Faith. She told the minister that the child was too young to go amongst strangers and to do hard work, and that she would like to keep her in her own house, to pay her wages, and to train her until she was older and stronger. Faith was very thankful when she heard of this kind offer, for she was quite sure that she would never be so happy anywhere as she was in Mrs. Fraser's house; all went on so peacefully and happily there from day to day. The mistress was thoughtful and considerate for the comfort of her servants, and the servants loved their kind mistress, and would not have grieved her for the world. Every morning and night they prayed together, and took their wants, and sins, and sorrows, to the Lord in prayer.

Ellen found in Faith a very willing little helper in her work. She never idled away her time, but did her work cheerfully and well. When she was sent on an errand she went as quickly as she could, and never stopped to talk or gossip on the way.

One bright September morning, just six months after Faith had come to live with Mrs. Fraser, Ellen sent her to a shop at some little distance from home, to buy something that was needed for dinner.

It so happened that in order to get to this shop Faith had to pass down the market-place. It was so strange to see everything there looking just the same as it did in the days when she and her father used to stand behind the toy-stall three times a week. The country people were hurrying past as usual, the sweet stall and the gingerbread stall were still surrounded by children, the stocking man, the boot-lace man, and the basket man were still loudly calling to the passers-by to come and examine their wares.

Faith stopped for a moment before the place where her father's stall had stood. A new toy stall was there in its place, and a man was standing behind it, and his little girl was helping him to sell his goods, just as she had always helped her father.

"I wonder if they have taken much to-day?" said Faith to herself.

The little girl looked pale and tired, she thought, and the man did not seem to be in very good spirits.

Faith had sixpence of her own in her pocket, and she determined to spend it at the stall. Perhaps they would be as glad as she and her father would have been, on one of those long, tiring days which now seemed so far away. So she went up to the stall, and bought a new sixpenny comb.

The little girl smiled, and seemed so pleased to get the sixpence, that Faith went on with a light and happy heart.

She had nearly passed the old church when she heard some one calling her, and, looking round, she saw the owner of the basket stall waving his arms, and heard him calling "Faith!" at the top of his voice. She ran to him at once to see what he wanted.

"Here, my lass," said the man, "have you ever heard aught of your father?"

"No," said little Faith, "not a word."

"Well," said he, "my Matty said as she saw him go by the other day."

"Oh, where," cried little Faith, "where did she see him? Was it here?"

"Oh, no," said the man, as he wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, "Matty won't never come here no more; you remember Matty, don't you?"

"Is she your little girl that used to come with you?" said Faith.

"Ay," he said, "the same; but she's very badly now; she'll never come no more, so the doctor says!"

"I'm so sorry," said little Faith. "Would you mind telling me where she saw my father?"

"She saw him pass the window. I was out at the stall, but when I came in, 'Father,' she says, 'I saw the toy stall man, who used to be next to us, go by to-day; he must live somewhere's here.' She never forgets folks' faces, doesn't Matty. Go and see her; she'll tell you all about it."

He told Faith where he lived, and then she hurried on to make up for lost time.

Was her prayer really going to be answered at last? It was a very happy thought, and it was with a very bright face that she carried the good news to Mrs. Fraser. The old lady was very glad to hear it, though she told Faith not to be too sure that by this means she would find her father, but to believe that even if it did not come now, still God's answer to her prayer would not stop away a single day after God's time came.

That afternoon Mrs. Fraser gave Faith leave to go to Trundle street, where little Matty lived, that she might hear all that the child could tell her.

It was a dark, dismal street, full

of high houses let off in rooms, and was very much like Belfry Row, Faith's old home. The room to which the basket man had directed her to go to, was on the ground floor on the left hand side of the door.

Faith knocked gently, and a voice within said; "Come in; they are all out but me."

So Faith opened the door and went in. It was a low, dark room, and at first, Faith could hardly see who or what was in it. There was not much furniture, but the room was almost filled with baskets of various sizes and shapes and colors, so that there was very little space to move about in it.

On a bed, close to the window, a little girl was lying. She was propped up with pillows, so that she could see what was passing in the street. She was about Faith's age, or a little older, but she was so very thin and small that Faith could easily have carried her. When the door was first opened she coughed very much, and seemed in much pain.

"Why, it's Faith," she said, as soon as she could get her breath. "I remember you at the stall. How did you know where we lived?"

"Your father told me," said Faith. "He said you had seen my father go by, and I wanted to hear about it, because I can't find him anywhere."

"Yes," said Matty; "it was yesterday that he went by; he's never been past before, because I see every one that goes by from my window. He had a breakfast-tin in his hand, and it was just about seven o'clock in the evening."

"Are you quite sure?" said little Faith.

"Yes, quite sure," said Matty, "as sure as sure can be. There isn't a many men as have only got one arm, and I know his face so well, too."

"I wonder if he'll come again?" said Faith, trembling with excitement. "If he does, Matty, do you think you could rap at the window and stop him, and tell him where I live, and how much I want to find him?"

"Ay! I'll do that," said Matty; "it's nice to be able to do anything for any one."

"Yes," said little Faith; "it must be dreadful to lie still all day. Are you always alone, Matty?"

"Yes, till father comes in," she said. "But he tidies the room up, and makes all nice before he goes. He puts all ready for me on this little table close beside me, and Mrs. Evans, who lives upstairs, comes in sometimes. She is very good; she boils my kettle on her fire."

"But you must be very lonely," said Faith.

(To be Continued.)

